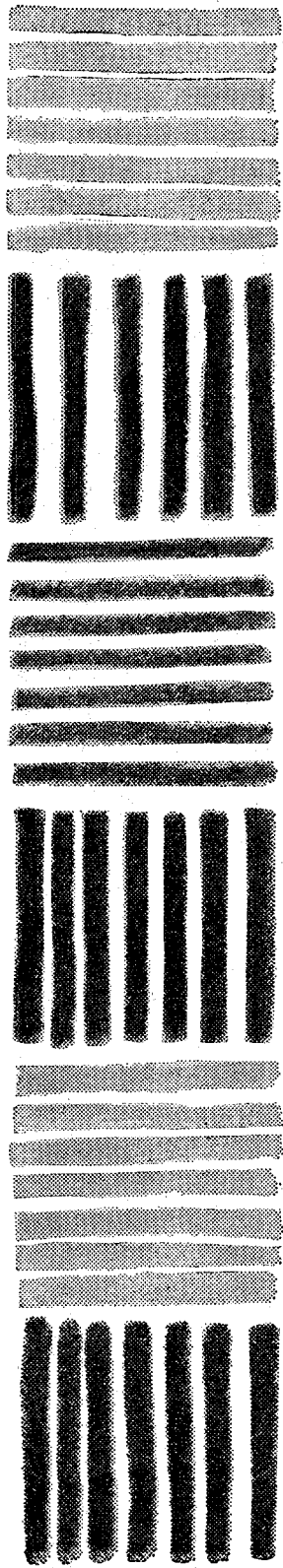


THE NATION

AUGUST 30, 1958 . . 25c



LEADERLESS DECENCY

The South Stalls Its Future

by Harry Golden



THE IRON CONSTITUTION

De Gaulle's Fifth Republic

by Alexander Werth



FARMERS OF THE SEA

by LaRue Spiker

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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LETTERS

Troops by Request

Dear Sirs: Professor Geoffrey Barraclough displays less than a historian's proper concern for historical facts when he writes in *The Nation* of August 2: "In 1956, Russia sent troops into Hungary at the behest of Prime Minister Kadar. . . . Today, the United States has sent troops into Lebanon at the behest of President Chamoun."

The circumstances of the bloody Soviet suppression of the Hungarian freedom movement and of the so-far bloodless landing of American troops in Lebanon were completely different. Chamoun was incontestably the legitimate President of Lebanon, put into power not by United States pressure, but by the normal process of Lebanese politics.

When the Red Army launched its onslaught on Budapest on November 4, 1956, the only legitimate government in Hungary, even by Communist standards, was that headed by Imre Nagy. The appointment of Kadar to head up a puppet regime was an aftermath—not a cause of the Soviet intervention, but a by-product of this intervention.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Violence in Vietnam

Dear Sirs: As an American who recently returned from South Vietnam after spending more than three of the last four years there (initially as Consultant to FOA on Governmental Reorganization; later as Chief of the Michigan State University Group in Public Administration and Police Administration), I feel particularly qualified to take issue with Bernard Fall's article, "Will South Vietnam Be Next?" printed in the May 31 issue of *The Nation*. The very title is misleading, since it purports to deal with the alleged disintegration of security within the nation, whereas only the first two paragraphs provide any "evidence" of such disintegration. . . .

One of my responsibilities as Chief of the MSU Group (March 1956—April 1958) was to supervise the training and modernization of Vietnam's civil police forces. I was therefore familiar with the statistics of crime and incidence of terrorism in Vietnam until I returned to the United States a few months ago. I can attest that the amount of terrorism in 1957 was approximately the same as in 1955, and infinitely less than in any other year since World War II. Indeed, Free Vietnam can be classed as

one of the most stable and peaceful countries in all of Asia today. If the public impression is that terrorism has increased, we of the Michigan State group are perhaps partly to blame as a result of our successful efforts to convince the Vietnamese police of the value of full and complete recording and reporting of all criminal activities. . . .

It should be noted, on the other hand, that while the number of terrorist incidents has not substantially increased, the number of incidents inspired by Communist agents appears to have risen sharply. This represents a serious problem, and all evidence points to a well-organized, rather systematic effort by the Communists to develop a public impression that security is deteriorating. It also indicates that the Communists recognize that the Government of President Ngo Dinh Diem is firmly at the helm and, now that non-violent efforts by them to uproot that Government have failed, they are resorting to terrorism. . . .

WESLEY R. FISHEL
Professor of Political Science
Michigan State University

East Lansing, Mich.

Editors' Choice

Dear Sirs: In respect to Guy Daniels' "Post-Mortem on San Francisco" [*The Nation*, Aug. 2]: The reason we editors of the "big" literary magazines have turned to the San Francisco poets is that we see a considerable talent in their work. The reason that we turned to them so quickly is that this talent, while undeveloped, is easy to see. The reason that Mr. Daniels' "underground" poets are unknown to the public after bombarding us for a dozen years is that we know their work quite well.

IRVING ROSENTHAL
Editor, *Chicago Review*
Chicago, Ill.

Food for Lebanon

Dear Sirs: Our Quaker representative in Lebanon has cabled a plea for additional funds for relief feeding. A few weeks ago the American Friends Service Committee sent \$3,000 for emergency use in both rebel-held and government territory. Lebanese and other Friends are able to cross religious and political lines to meet urgent human needs. Hunger has struck more people in Lebanon than had at first been realized. We foresee the need of at least \$30,000 for supplementary feeding during the next two months.

Our help is going primarily to families where the breadwinner has been killed or wounded. For \$10 we can provide a

family with a month's food staples. Contributions may be sent to the AFSC, 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Even after civil strife is ended, the need will go on as an aftermath of hostilities that have so tragically erupted. A prompt response to the human need in Lebanon from the American people may help assuage the bitterness recent events have provoked.

LEWIS M. HOSKINS
Executive Secretary

Philadelphia, Pa.

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EDITORIALS

Peace — For a Time — at the U.N.

The current Middle Eastern crisis would be far more dangerous today if no special session of the General Assembly could have been held. Once more the threat of major war has been eased. The resolution finally adopted is a limited answer to enormously complex problems. It buys time — if only a little.

The accepted Arab-sponsored resolution represented a defeat for the Western powers. What the U.S. vainly demanded was approval for our armed occupation of Lebanon and Jordan, support for Mr. Dulles' contention that both countries were menaced by "indirect aggression," a U.N. police force to maintain the status quo, and U.N. guarantees of both the permanence of existing states and the regimes in power. All these aims — along with most of Eisenhower's belated six-point program — were partly or wholly rejected. Unable to summon the "comfortable majority" of which he had earlier boasted, Henry Cabot Lodge had to go along with a resolution which in no way sanctions Allied military intervention. Instead, it recognizes the Arab powers' first responsibility in Middle Eastern affairs, and calls upon the Secretary General to secure an "early withdrawal" of the occupational forces.

When one remembers that Gromyko spoke not only for the U.S.S.R. but also for China, and that he was joined by the Arab-Asian-African opposition to represent well over half the world's population, it is evident how unreal any nominal majority vote mustered behind the West's resolution (put forward by Norway) would have been. That Gromyko merely stated that China "associated itself" with his position, without further exploiting the importance of the point, was an interesting aspect of the meeting. The Soviet maximum aim of a U.N. demand for "immediate withdrawal" of the Allied forces was defeated, but the denouement must bring more satisfaction to Moscow than to Washington.

Delegates were pleasantly surprised by the relatively mild Soviet behavior and its resistance of the temptation to aggravate the crisis. Coupled with agreements

recently reached between Soviet and American scientists on nuclear tests and detection methods, this attitude strengthens hope that Khrushchev still wants a summit meeting.

Possibly the most constructive result was the renewed emphasis and support given by the resolution to the concept of regional economic planning and development under U.N. auspices. If Mr. Dulles now follows up the President's proposal, which inspired the inclusion of such considerations in the resolution, a new era of planned economic change might well facilitate urgently needed, orderly planned political changes.

The outlook for any such foresighted planning does not seem hopeful, however, judging from Mr. Dulles' latest speech to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. There the Secretary repeated most of his fatuous claims of past successes and personal prescience. "Our [own] laws and social order are constantly being changed in order [to] reflect justice in relation to new conditions," said he. "So it must be in the world." Indeed. Change must everywhere be "peaceful" and "lawful."

How, then, does Mr. Dulles propose to pursue this pleasant way of achieving change? Specifically, in the Middle East, how is he to arrange for "peaceful change" in Mr. Churchill's brainchild, the police state of Jordan, unviable since it was created, and now ripe for revolution and disintegration? How will we peacefully dethrone the corrupt and profligate As-Sahabs in Kuwait, which holds 23 per cent of the world's oil and provides Britain with 11 per cent of the liquid funds available for investment in the Sterling area? How also will we arrange to quietly divest Great Britain of her protectorates — Aden, Buraimi, Oman and the Gulf territories — which the Arabs proclaim to be real instances of "existing aggression" as against Mr. Dulles' fears of "indirect aggression"? What are we really doing to bring about a compromise between Israel and her embattled neighbors before it is imposed by force? How, indeed, do we plan to meet, in advance of the event, the inevitable day when all Arab oil will be nationalized?

The U.N. Secretary General cannot solve any of these,

and related, questions by an airplane flight to Jordan and Lebanon. An approach to their solution might be made by coupling political planning with economic planning if regional development were seriously undertaken. But neither means is practicable without some kind of disengagement with the U.S.S.R. and without a joint acceptance of regional neutralism as a healthy state and an inevitable development. When these conditions are met—and no one supposes they were even approached at this emergency Assembly—"competitive coexistence" may at last seem possible without the continued arming of every nation in the world.

Humane Slaughter Act for People

A bill assuring the more humane slaughter of people would seem a suitable follow-up to the recently enacted Humane Slaughter of Cattle legislation. Such a proposal would encounter far stronger opposition than the meat packing interests which opposed the cattle bill; nonetheless, the objectives seem clearly as worthy as the protection of animals.

In order to be considered "realistic" rather than "naive," we suggest the following simple outline of such a Humane Slaughter Bill:

1. All men in the uniform of their country may be slaughtered freely by any means during a war.
2. The slaughter of civilians and non-belligerents must be limited to previously-adopted methods which have been fully tested for efficiency, namely night-bombing with high explosives, incendiary bombs, napalm, starvation, disease and the like. No more efficient methods could be used.
3. The slaughter of children would be limited to those already born, and it would be illegal to use methods of dooming yet-unborn generations through radiation fallout, or by other methods.

It would seem to us that the adoption of such a modest program, perhaps internationally, would preserve the necessary control of population growth and at the same time encourage competition in the armaments industry. It could be anticipated that the Pentagon might desire, for "practical" reasons, some modification toward leniency in these simple rules. But the sponsors of the bill could be prepared to make concessions and still achieve considerable improvement over present laws and customs pertaining to this subject.

In sponsoring such legislation we have given consideration to some provision limiting the number of human beings that could be slaughtered at one time to, say, 100 or 200 million, but this approach was deemed impractical. We recognize that sponsors of our program will be considered "crackpots," but we are heartened by the fact that for many years the backers of the Humane Slaughter of Cattle legislation were similarly labeled.

Toothpick Cases

LaRue Spiker's article (p. 87) on the anti-trust prosecution of the Maine lobstermen should lend weight to the recommendations on anti-trust policy contained in a recent report submitted to the Department of Justice by Dr. Ewald T. Grether of the University of California and Dr. Carl Kaysen of Harvard. In essence the report recommends that anti-trust prosecutions be selected in terms of the impact which the particular restrictive practices have on the nation's economy. Of recent years, the anti-trust division has devoted an inordinate amount of time, energy and funds to prosecuting cases of marginal interest and importance. Prosecutions, for example, have been undertaken against businessmen engaged in dye-stuff-making, production of citric acid, the marketing of stitchers and staplers, pickle packers, makers of bronze grave markers and, now, lobstermen. Technical violations may have been involved in these cases but successful prosecutions are not likely to have much effect one way or the other on the economy; and the individual hardships, as in the case of the lobstermen, can be substantial. Aren't there any "big game" hunters in the Department? What about oil and steel? Economists in the Department are said to favor a policy, based on the Grether-Kaysen report, of placing less emphasis on what are called "toothpick" cases and more on major cases affecting the nation's economy. The point is well taken.

Great Day

It is the wrong image for the season, but Wednesday, August 20, was the day when the ice went out of the river. The front page of *The New York Times* looked that morning like an arc of hope for the human race. Consider these news stories: The United States announced that it would suspend, at least temporarily, the testing of nuclear weapons, thus giving political support to the technical agreements on inspection reached by the East-West scientists at Geneva; the Arab nations [see the opening editorial of this issue] themselves offered in the General Assembly a reasonable proposal for reducing the tension in the Middle East; the Senate killed the Butler-Jenner bill, designed to curb the review powers of the Supreme Court; President Eisenhower, with a mildness that reflected an irrevocable position, reminded his press conference that he had taken an oath to support the law of the land and said that he would not forswear himself for the likes of Governor Faubus.

All on one day — though obviously none of these events was the work of a day, or a summer — and the press agents for humanity can take satisfaction from a juxtaposition of releases so powerfully suggesting that the Age of the Insects is still indefinitely postponed.

THE IRON CONSTITUTION . . by Alexander Werth

Paris
"BACK TO NAPOLEON III." "No, not Napoleon III; back to Charles XI!" "*Vieille France*, monarchism . . . Pétain." Such were the first reactions produced by the publication on July 30 of de Gaulle's draft constitution for the Fifth Republic. And they came not only from left-wing intellectuals, but even from deep-blue conservatives like M. André Siegfried, *de l'Académie Française* and of *Figaro*. While there was "no fundamental objection," Siegfried wrote, "to some aspects of the new Constitution," one could not say the same when it came to the extraordinarily reduced role of the legislative assembly.

Apart from some limited subjects, all matters are settled by the Government. This goes far beyond the "decree laws" of the past. . . . This marks a divorce from the republican tradition. And an even graver departure from it is to be found in the provision under which the President of the Republic can decide, entirely on his own initiative (though after "consulting" his Prime Minister, but without the latter having to counter-sign anything) "to take measures required by circumstances." To grant the executive such uncontrolled discretionary powers would be to go against a more than century-old tradition.

This is a reference to the already-famous Article 14, under which the President can take discretionary measures in the event of a "threat" to "the institutions, the territory or the independence of the Nation." Since the President is the sole judge of whether there is such a "threat," this provision amounts to a degree of absolutism which has been described as "hair-raising." And "consultation" with the Prime Minister offers little comfort since, under the proposed constitution, the said Prime Minister



ster is appointed by the President.

Countless other complaints have been raised against the draft now being studied by the Advisory Committee (and that is all it is) set up by de Gaulle under the chairmanship of M. Paul Reynaud. The principal objections may be enumerated as follows: First, it is thought undemocratic that the President should be elected, not by parliament alone, but by parliament plus a motley collection of "representatives" (among them those of the various local, including colonial, assemblies, where so much trickery is possible). These would greatly outnumber the members of parliament, and such an electoral college would be much less likely to represent the will of the French people than was the joint congress of the two houses of parliament. Second, the President will, at his sole discretion, appoint all ministers; presumably, they will therefore do his bidding and serve at his pleasure. The President will also have complete power to dissolve the two assemblies, and the right to make personal appointments to the army and the civil service — another departure from anything seen under the Third or Fourth Republic.

True, there is a "safeguard" clause in the draft constitution: A Constitutional Council of nine is to be set up.

It will supervise the "regularity" of elections, of referendums, and examine, before their promulgation, any "organic laws" passed by parliament. But the likelihood is that this will be just another rubber-stamp in the hands of the President. Of the nine Council members, three are to be appointed by the President, three by the president of the Assembly, and three by the president of the Senate; in addition, "former Presidents of the Republic" (i.e., in practice, M. Vincent Auriol) will form part of the Council. Since, in all probability, the presidents of both Assemblies will be the President's yes-men, the Constitutional Council is more likely to limit still further the reduced powers of the assemblies than to check the will of the Executive.

The referendum on the draft constitution is to be held on September 28. To what extent between now and referendum day will de Gaulle consent to amend the constitution in the face of serious criticism coming from all sides, and not least from the members of the Advisory Committee? Until a few days ago it was believed that de Gaulle was willing to make a few *pro forma* concessions: for instance, to delete the article under which no member of parliament can also be a member of the government, without first resigning his seat — a deletion which would not affect the essential features of the constitution in the least. But he has now refused even this.

HOW DID it come to pass that so reactionary a constitution (reactionary in the most literal sense) could be proposed, and that the French people should be expected to adopt it? The "presidential republic" has, of course, always been de Gaulle's aim. But several other points clearly stand out. The country was considerably irritated by the National Assembly of the Fourth Republic, with its government instability and its ever-recurring crises. But were its

ALEXANDER WERTH is The Nation's Paris correspondent. His latest book is *Lost Statesman: The Strange Story of Pierre Mendès-France*.

August 30, 1958

weaknesses the fault of its constitution, as de Gaulle has never ceased to proclaim? What really caused the "degradation of the State?" There is today no doubt at all about it: since the left-wing election victory of January, 1956, we have been witnessing a solid crystallizing, indeed a constant conspiracy, of the right-wing forces in France and Algeria against the Republic. The leaders of this Republic were too weak, or rather too irresolute, to fight back. The first major surrender was that of Guy Mollet who, in giving way to the clamor of the Algiers mob on February 6, 1956, abandoned the French Government's role of arbiter, and made it an ally of the colonialist forces in Algeria, or rather their servant. Since then, the course of government in France has been one of chaos and impotence. And so, on June 1 of this year, de Gaulle was voted into office as a "lesser evil" by some, as the "savior" by others, and set about redesigning French democracy according to his definition of the term. His prestige is still high. He has established an uneasy sort of control over the Algiers junta; how uneasy may be seen from statements like that made

the other day by General Massu, the "Himmler of Algiers," to the effect that all that matters is getting a "yes" majority in the referendum, after which the "system" would be swept away completely. He has also established, for the present, more or less normal relations with Tunisia and Morocco; and has shown his "independence" of the United States in his letters to Khrushchev. But two fundamental problems have not been settled: the war in Algeria is still going on, despite the farce of "fraternization"; and no one knows where the money is to come from for continuing the Algerian war once the referendum has been won.

IT probably will be won; though already there are growing doubts that this victory will be *in France*. Algerian and all sorts of other artificially-created "yes" votes will swell the total in favor of the constitution; and it would be awkward for de Gaulle if France herself were to say no. Public opinion is hard to assess at the moment. In the countryside, where they are less conscious than in Paris of the "civil war blackmail" which may be exercised once again, I found that the prevalent feeling is

discontent. "De Gaulle — fine; but what has he done? The war in Algeria is going on; the cost of living is going up. Taxes are going up." Some of de Gaulle's admirers say the referendum should have been held in June or July; not four months after he had taken office.

The Socialists and the MRP are not at all pleased about the draft constitution, even though their representatives in the Government, Mollet and Pflimlin, must perforce pay lip service to it. In the Radical Party, among the rank-and-file, there is much discontent with Mendès-France for taking the line that de Gaulle "will get his referendum anyway" (even if only through the phony votes of four million Algerians), and that the party should concentrate its efforts, not on the referendum, but on the subsequent election. These critics rightly feel that, once de Gaulle has won the referendum, "the election won't matter a damn."

Another widespread view is that even if "Ike-de Gaulle" may be trusted, "Nixon-Soustelle" — who might well be the successor — would turn France into a ruthless police state. If, some add, de Gaulle hasn't done so already.

THE SOUTH STALLS ITS FUTURE

LEADERLESS DECENCY . . . by Harry Golden

Charlotte, North Carolina
THE MAJORITY of "white" Southerners believe that racial segregation can no longer be maintained on a moral, religious or legal basis; the business community itself is becoming completely bored with the entire controversy, and the boredom may be related to the highly significant fact that the several state public relations commissions have stopped issuing reports of the influx of new industry into the South.

The tragedy of the moment is that

HARRY GOLDEN is editor of The Carolina Israelite and author of the recently-published Only in America.

this "majority" is silent, and in all fairness it must be said that it is silent for good and sufficient reason. The changing of a social order is not a simple matter, not even for the decent, warm-hearted people of the South. It requires Leadership, a leadership which unfortunately has not yet materialized. The politicians in the state capitals have a vested interest in this "silence." They have been riding the race issue for seventy-five years and they will not surrender it without a bitter struggle. If all the obstacles were to be removed from the Negro's path to the voting booth, the white man would also begin to vote, and there is no telling

what could happen under those circumstances.

And the most amazing thing of all; that in this vacuum President Eisenhower has said, not once, but twice: "*Mere law will not solve this problem.*" One hundred and eighty years ago another Presbyterian, the Reverend William Tennant of South Carolina, said it in another way. In those days the Presbyterians had to build their little church with an open fireplace. When the Anglican sheriff came along the worshipers could say that they were merely visiting a private dwelling. Reverend Tennant went to the South Carolina Constitutional

Convention and demanded freedom of worship; complete separation of church and state; and he refused to be sweet-talked. He said, "The Law does not change as often as the hearts of men; put it into the Law; this is all I want."

With all due respect to the noise about "states' rights," the tremendously-expanding middle-class of the South is the direct result of the "interference" of the Federal Government since March 4, 1932, and it is the President of the United States who has it in his power to establish the atmosphere, actually to set the pattern which would break the "silence." I'll give you an example of the extent of this "silence."

A week or so ago I visited the home of Dorothy Counts, the 15-year-old Negro girl of Charlotte, North Carolina, who had been forced to leave the all-white school to which she had been assigned, due to an ordeal of uninterrupted harassment and violence. Her father, Reverend Herman L. Counts, on the faculty of Johnson C. Smith University, showed me the names of the people who had called him to express horror, chagrin and sympathy; and the list included some of the most influential citizens of North Carolina. Why didn't these people call the school board instead, or the principal of Dorothy's school, or why didn't they write a letter to the editor? The embattled editors of both the *Charlotte Observer* and the *Charlotte News* would have jumped for joy at the sight of such expressions from the "upper echelon." They might very well have settled the matter for at least one of the most progressive cities of the South; but as far as the public is concerned, "silence" prevails; this is the most important race relations story, as the South enters its fifth school year since the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954.

AND because of "silence" the politicians with the vested interest and the bigots are allowed to confuse the problem further with a few more legends. The first of these is the myth that if the NAACP suddenly disappeared, everything would be right back where it was in the days when Sambo rolled in laughter under

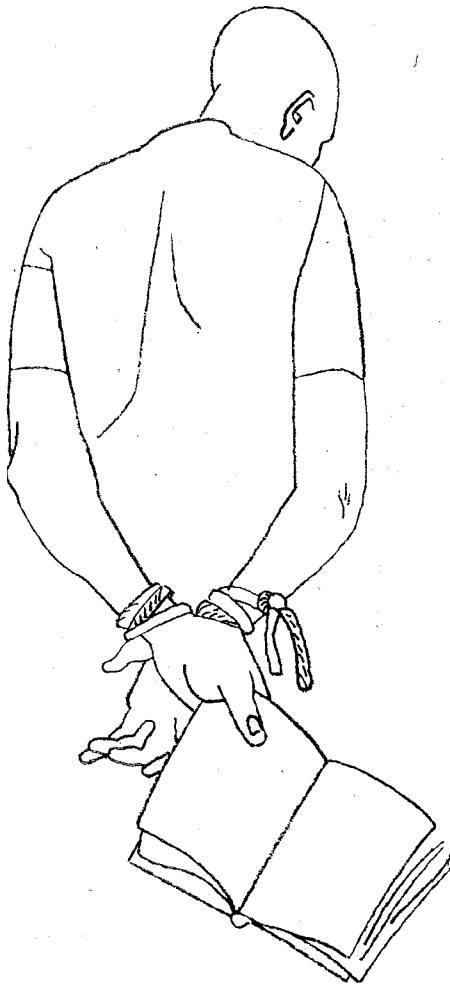
the old magnolia tree. Even the few outspoken liberals, when accused by Governor Faubus of being in the pay of the NAACP, defended themselves by saying that they hate the NAACP and the Ku Klux Klan with equal passion. And, of course, this renunciation of logic adds to the general stalemate. It is utter nonsense because the break-down of racial segregation is part of the greater story of the whole South and the overthrow of agriculture as the dominant way of life.

When the late James B. Duke, the tobacco king, built the first dam on the Catawba River to industrialize the South, he did more to end racial segregation than all the

NAACP's put together. It is part of a development which wise Southerners saw long ago. I remember one afternoon when the late novelist James Street made a speech to a group of young Southern fiction writers. In answer to the inevitable question: "How can I get into the *Saturday Evening Post*?" the Mississippi-born Street replied: "First off, forget the 'Nigra' story you've been working on; the *Post* will not publish a story about Sambo with Dr. Ralph Bunch around." That was five years before the Supreme Court decision. There are sections of the South, for example, Montgomery and Birmingham, and certainly the cities of North Carolina's Piedmont, where



Drawings by Robert Gwathmey



the native Negro leadership is far ahead of the NAACP in its efforts to end segregation in the public facilities. Two years ago the governor of my state spoke at a convention of Negro school teachers. He hinted that many of them would probably lose their jobs if the public schools were desegregated. An hour later the teachers voted unanimously to support the desegregation of the public schools "with all deliberate speed."

And it is precisely the interpretation of this "with all deliberate speed" that poses a new problem in the way of compliance. Last year the school board of Charlotte assigned a "token" Negro child to each of five different public schools, and the fact that the board has decided against any additional assignments this year is not due entirely to the smashing victory of Governor Faubus of Arkansas. This "with all deliberate speed" will never work unless the individual school board announces a "blanket" decision to the effect that the schools of the city

are hereby "desegregated" in accordance with the law. Even that will not take away from them the right, under various new state laws, to screen the applicants and make their assignments. (These assignment laws have not yet been fully tested in the courts.) And the tragedy of "token" assignments to a few selected schools is that it creates the atmosphere of "an experiment" instead of a basic law which accords twenty-six per cent of the South's population the right to enter the industrial age. Thus the mother of a child at the Fair Haven High School says, "We don't have any," which creates an entirely new problem for the mother of a child at the Central High School. Her protestation that "We only have one" is irrelevant. She fears the stratification of the "white" social classes at this new level. The struggle for status within the white population is keeping pace with the intense urbanization and the burgeoning of a new middle class from out of the farm houses and mountain cabins of the region.

THESE "token" assignments also set the stage for a bit of cruelty. In "screening" the twenty-two Negro students who had made applications for transfer to desegregated schools for the coming school year, the Mecklenburg County School Board (rural areas of Charlotte) asked each student: "Aren't you happy among your own people?" An adult can laugh off that old chestnut about "when did you stop beating your wife," but for a 15-year-old Negro child, caught up in a historical controversy and making his first foray into unsegregated society, it could be both bewildering and cruel. And the process is not without irony. When Dorothy Counts was so severely harassed on her first day in school, the principal suggested that she use the rear entrance, the "back door," and her father told him: "Why, that's the whole idea; the *front door* is the point of the whole matter."

I think it might be wise to break up this narrative with a light interlude. The other day the Fellowship of Reconciliation (my fellow Pacifists), had written me to act as host for a day to their representative, the

Methodist minister, Mr. Lawson. I had never met Mr. Lawson and when he called me late in the evening from the bus station, I told him that I had reserved a room for him at a downtown hotel, to have a good night's sleep, and come to my home for breakfast the next morning at eight o'clock. But at seven o'clock the hotel manager called: "Mr. Golden, what color is Reverend Lawson?" I told the hotel man that I had never met Mr. Lawson; "but how many colors are there; which color do you think he is?" The manager said that the consensus at the hotel was that Mr. Lawson was a Negro. But, of course, the fellow had already slept there and how could segregation be made retroactive? But a bit of kindness is never out of order. I told the manager that his overnight guest was from India; and I am glad to report that Mr. Lawson was very forgiving when I told him of the sigh of relief the hotel manager expressed at this reassurance.

But there's more trouble. The *Southern Advertising and Publishing*, a trade publication (Atlanta, Georgia) which serves the advertising agencies of the South, had itself a little editorial ("The South's Story Must Be Told,"—July 15, 1958):

It is a notorious fact that every Jewish organization and every Jewish-controlled segment of the media of communication is siding with the NAACP in this vilification of the South.

... they [the Jews] have no business making common cause with the Negroes against the South.

When I read this editorial, I thought at once of Charles Bloch, the famous Jewish lawyer of Macon, Georgia. Mr. Bloch is the fellow who led the Georgia delegation out of the Democratic convention in 1948 as a protest against the "civil rights" plank and he was a stalwart of the Dixiecrat movement. Mr. Bloch is now the vice president of the Georgia States-Rights Society, and he has written a book (*States-Rights—The Law of the Land*, The Harrison Company, Atlanta) in which he says that we must construe the clause in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal" in the light of the times when it was pro-

mulgated. "Since at that time Negroes were not 'men' but property, we are bound today to permit states to legislate about them as property." So help me, that's what Mr. Bloch says in his book; and a few miles away at Atlanta this *Southern Advertising and Publishing*, in its editorial about the "Jews making common cause against the South," does not even say "Except for Charles Bloch of Macon." As I told the few White Citizens Council Jews in Alabama: "Nothing helps, you may as well be humanitarians, nothing helps."

I think these sad tales are pertinent to the most tragic story of the South today. They underline the fact that this great civilization with its millions of kind people is wholly preoccupied with an unnecessary problem. The South has produced some of the most creative minds of the American civilization, but all creative intellectuality has come to a halt. They are not thinking about the basic strategy of the free world against totalitarian tyranny; they are worrying about a 15-year-old Negro girl going to a public school. And the main point of the matter is not what this "resistance" is doing to the Negro children, but what it is doing to the white children. But that problem the segregationist refuses to acknowledge.

The real victims of Little Rock

and Clinton and Dorothy Counts's high school in Charlotte are the small group of white students who sought to drive the Negroes from the schools. The record of the Negroes, what they did and their courage and good will, is already clear. But what has little been recognized is the fact that the segregationist students, the white students, really suffered and will continue to suffer all of their lives. And what a pity! They are the ones hurt by the willingness of school officials to let them run the school. Some of them in Little Rock and Clinton and Charlotte have always been problems. No school leader, academically, athletically or socially, was involved in any of these groups which resorted to abuse and violence against the Negro children. At least one of the white girls, now speaking throughout the South for the White Citizens Councils, lived a good part of the school year under a doctor's care and sedatives. These white students lost a school year—it would be an interesting study to find out how they fared for the year; how many passed. I was able to check up on only one of the white boys who had spit on Dorothy Counts and tripped her in the high school cafeteria, and he, himself, is out of school now—gone. For these few unfortunate white students the real issue is not "integration," but,

"How can I escape my own problems?" The school authorities provided these students with a handy issue which kept them from ever having to face their real problems of the life ahead.

It is not on the basis of partisanship at all. I have a deep and sincere respect and affection for President Eisenhower and the tremendous burden he is carrying, but this matter is squarely up to him. He must provide the leadership, and it is well to note that the failure goes much deeper than the White House in setting the pattern. It involves the complete failure of the Federal Government's role in following up the order of the Supreme Court; the failure of non-discrimination in government employment and employment on government contracts as they apply particularly to the South. The Federal Government is the largest single source of potential jobs for Negroes, North and South, and now must assume the main responsibility for the "mass resistance" it has allowed to organize. The Southerners who eventually break the "silence" will one day look back upon it with great pride and honor as twenty-six per cent of the South's population takes its place with human dignity in the continued growth and accumulation of wealth and property of the great Southland.

FARMERS OF THE SEA . . by LaRue Spiker

Bar Harbor, Maine
LAST SUMMER the dock price of lobster fell to 30c a pound—little more than the cost of catching. The problem came up for discussion in the Maine Lobstermen's Association, and the delegates decided that the wholesale buyers might be amenable to demands for a better price if the source of supply were shut off. The fishermen could scarcely anticipate that this decision would lead some lawyers in far-off Washington — a

city heretofore oblivious to their problems — to take a sudden interest in them.

A "work stoppage" ensued, centering in Portland and Rockland. The M.L.A. can exert no disciplinary power over its members, nor is it empowered to enter into price contracts in their behalf. To haul traps or to sit on the dock was a question for each lobsterman to resolve with his own conscience. A majority of the Portland and Rockland lobstermen stopped fishing.

Feeling ran rather high in some quarters against a few men who did not tie up their boats, but fishers

are, by and large, peaceable men and have their own way of expressing themselves. One man who had continued to fish found on his porch an unsolicited basket of groceries with a note implying that charity might be less disastrous to his self-respect than scabbing on his neighbors.

However, the wholesale buyers adhered stubbornly to their price; and, like other men before them, the lobstermen faced the cold necessities of a poor living or none at all. In two weeks their stout little boats were again chugging over the blue waters of Maine's bays and inlets.

LARUE SPIKER, a resident of Maine, is a free-lance writer with a background in social work.

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But the story only really begins here, for two months later a federal grand jury returned indictments charging the M.L.A. and its president, Leslie Dyer, with conspiracy to fix minimum prices. Simultaneously, a number of buyers were indicted for a conspiracy to fix maximum prices.

The lobstermen and the entire community reacted to the indictments with stunned amazement. The fishers are poor men who work hard and undertake more than average physical hazard in pursuit of their trade. Carpenter and mechanic as well as sailor, the lobsterman is a producer, skilled worker and small—very small—businessman. Stubbornly independent, he portrays rugged individualism in an almost classic sense and is justly respected by everyone who knows him. It looked as if someone in Washington had goofed.

LAST SPRING two lobster buyers pleaded guilty and were fined nominal sums; the other buyers are awaiting trial. When the lobstermen's turn came, they battened down the hatches and cleared the decks, and on May 19, the smell of the sea began to wash into the federal court at Portland. During the ensuing three weeks, the courtroom's newly decorated walls echoed Yankeeisms the like of which probably never before eddied about a bar of justice. Weather-beaten fishers who had fought so'westers all their lives faced the representatives of an august government, the world's foremost defender of individual initiative. They were unimpressed.

Before the trial was over, a New York lawyer and a cordon of reporters had learned the meaning of toggle, Down East, mugup, the banks, shedder, bucket, moderator, bait, trap. More than once profanity, both explicit and implied, was expressed on the witness stand; and more than a few of the twenty-six prosecution witnesses, mostly lobstermen, were declared hostile so the prosecutor could change his line of questioning.

When the trial started, the jury, all inlanders, heard New Yorker John J. Galgay, chief government counsel, characterize as "perfect non-

sense" the "irresponsible talk" that Maine lobstermen were being discriminated against. The government, he declared, was not concerned with the fairness or unfairness of prices: "The mere fact that prices were fixed by agreement in and of itself constitutes a violation of the Sherman Act." Presenting statistics "to show the amount of commerce restrained," he indicated that Maine lobstermen had grossed something



under \$9 million in 1957. But he failed to divide the figure by 6,000 to show an average gross per fisher of \$1,500—over half of which must go back into the business for maintenance and expenses.

In examining witnesses he frequently elicited testimony with difficulty, and often failed to like what he got. One lobsterman testified that the dealers had refused the request of Governor Edmund Muskie for a meeting between buyers and lobstermen to discuss differences. "The dealers didn't need us," he said. "They didn't care if we rotted on the banks." Another testified that one dealer had said to him, "Take what I give you or else. . ."; another had told him, "I don't dare to buy your lobsters. They [the other dealers] won't let me."

The passage of time resulted in memory lapses. It was difficult for witnesses to remember just what had transpired in the M.L.A. meetings the preceding year.

Several could not recall that any vote had been taken in regard to a specific price for lobsters. One witness opined that it might be difficult anyhow for anyone to tell a lobsterman what to do.

One witness admitted to having towed a fellow lobsterman ashore after the latter refused to stop hauling. Under cross-examination, he stated that the incident was largely a family affair.

"Did anyone ever say to you: 'Them that ain't ashore, tow 'em in'?"

"Naw!" replied the witness loudly.

Rodney Cushing, an M.L.A. vice-president, swore that his organization did not undertake to set a minimum price for lobsters during the strike. But the lobstermen were determined, he said, to make a profit, and 35c a pound may have been in the minds of some as a bedrock minimum.

"Were the delegates instructed to tell the lobstermen to stop fishing?"

"Absolutely not."

One buyer had suggested to Cushing that he ask the lobstermen to return to fishing for ten days at 30c and 32c.

"How was this offer received by the lobstermen?"

"Turned down flat. They almost threw me off the dock."

The star prosecution witness, a part-time lobsterman and part-time minister, averred that there had been threats and violence against him because he had refused to stop work. He said he was not a member of the M.L.A. "because they smoke at their meetings." A boy he knew well and had befriended had shot at him, he insisted. Someone had even stolen his lobsters. Under cross-examination, it developed that the man he accused of the theft had been dead for several years.

THE TRIAL ended abruptly after the presentation of the prosecution witnesses. Defense counsel called no one to the stand; instead, he made an impassioned closing summary, basing his chief argument on the intent of the Sherman Act. The outcome seemed a foregone conclusion; public sentiment was heavily

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in favor of the lobstermen, and the lobstermen themselves were confident, but the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Defense counsel at once announced it would appeal.

On the day appointed for sentencing, the court fined the M.L.A. \$5,000 and Dyer \$1,000, almost impossible sums for either to raise. Someone in Washington must have sensed a Pyrrhic victory, and Galgay, wreathed in good will, promptly recommended that the fines be remitted. "The Department of Justice is mindful that the sentence it recommends will be carefully scrutinized by your Maine citizens as well as persons elsewhere," he said.

Reciprocating felicities, defense counsel declared that the U. S. at-

torneys were "fine gentlemen"; he added, somewhat cryptically, that they had assisted him in the preparation of his case.

JUST WHY the suit was undertaken in the first place will probably always remain a state secret. Certainly Maine Republicans, facing their last early election, are not happy about it. No less a person than Richard Nixon recently told them, at a rally in Portland, that the Eisenhower Administration has been "the best years of our lives." Some Republicans hereabouts suspect that thousands of unemployed in Maine's industrial centers, as well as resort keepers hit by the recession, might disagree with Mr. Nixon. Now some

6,000 lobstermen and their families may have been added to the list of doubters.

Some uncharitable local editorial comment has implied that Washington attacked the lobstermen because they are neither powerful nor well-organized. "We suggest," notes one writer, "that [the lobstermen] stir their rubber-booted stumps and raise a whopping big war chest. Then, financially well-armed, they should storm Washington and get themselves federally recognized as farmers of the sea. . . ."

It is probable that the lobstermen will regard storming the bastions of federal policy about as practical as undertaking a whaling voyage in a row boat.

EIGHT-MAN INVASION . . by Louis E. Lomax

Port Au Prince, Haiti
ON MONDAY NIGHT, July 28, an eight-man invasion task force captured the entire Haitian army and its munitions.

For nine hours these eight invaders (three exiled Haitian army officers and five American soldiers of fortune) ruled Haiti. They telephoned Ministers of State, announced the coup, and gave instructions for the next day's work: they telephoned President François Duvalier and demanded his resignation. These men, along with the supporters they thought they had within the nation, would be in control of Haiti today had they been able to agree on one of the many contenders for the Presidency of this poverty-stricken republic. While they debated, Duvalier's civilian militia counterattacked, slew the rebels and liberated the army. By dawn it was all over.

The eight men had sailed from Miami in a fishing launch. They landed at the fishing village of St. Marc, sixty miles from here, early Monday evening. Police submitted two pieces of evidence suggesting

that the invaders expected to be joined by supporters within Haiti: (1) the fishing launch carried enough arms to equip 2,000 men; (2) one of the Americans had been in Haiti several weeks before. He was arrested and charged with conspiracy to overthrow the government. Only the intervention of the American Embassy got him out of jail.

When supporters failed to appear at their beachhead, the eight men commandeered an army truck, drove into Port Au Prince, seized the *casern* (thereby making prisoners of the Haitian army) and went about the business of establishing a government by telephone.

Duvalier's civilian militia—a secret even from the army—was mysteriously alerted and streamed into the streets of Port Au Prince, brandishing machine guns, pistols and head-whippers (stout, bat-shaped hickory sticks). Duvalier's "barefoot brigade," as the Mulatto elite call them, saved the day.

The world will never know how many men—other than the eight invaders—died in the abortive coup, but Port Au Prince is caught up in a vendetta. Martial law prevails. Ragged militiamen—all of eighteen years old, garbed in overall pants, T-shirts,

and cast-off American steel helmets—roam the streets, wielding machine guns, psychotically weeding out the subversives. Arrests number in the hundreds. Citizens are arrested without warrants, jailed without charges, convicted without evidence. An accusing finger is enough. Families are divided, friends scattered. The press is censored. Outgoing cables are seized by the army and sent only if they give the government's position that the invaders came to Haiti with the financial and political backing of two wealthy Haitians in exile, ex-Senator Louis Dejoie and former President Paul Magloire. Curfew falls at six o'clock.

Congress has given Duvalier dictatorial powers for six months with an automatic renewal clause. His first major act was to make it a capital offense to plot against the government or any state official. Then, while even his own partisans listened in disbelief, Duvalier ordered the decree retroactive to July 1, 1957. Nobody knows who or what is to die next in this stench-blanketed, intrigue-infested Caribbean republic.

Following the uprising, and while Duvalier watched from a palace window, the Haitian army loaded peasants into trucks and took them

LOUIS E. LOMAX is a veteran newspaper correspondent and a freelance writer.

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to the American Embassy, where they demonstrated for an hour.

Ranting about the American adventurers slain in the uprising, the government radio promised: "At last we have tasted American meat. It is sweet. Now that we know, we will eat some more!"

This is caste warfare, a death struggle between the Blacks and the Mulattoes, the Outs and the Ins, the Catholics and the Protestants, the Voodooists and the Jesusites, the Rich and the Poor.

This war is uniquely hellish because there are no uniforms, flags, slogans, or clichés to identify the partisans. Only a state of mind separates the protagonists, and the Haitian army is inclined to shoot first and philosophize later.

BUT the basic conflict is between the Duvalierists and the anti-Duvalierists. The Duvalier power structure is made up of the Black elite with a sprinkling of liberal Mulattoes. Their argument is that the Mulattoes, who comprise 10 per cent of the population, have raped the republic and the Blacks for 150 years. The Duvalierists are determined to rule or ruin. The Mulatto power structure is composed of old line, Paris-educated families, the Brahmins of the Caribbean. They contend that the Duvalier regime is nothing more than the apotheosis of mediocrity. Their objective is to save Haiti from Duvalier and Voodoo, to restore the era of Mulatto rule and French-Catholic culture.

The anti-Duvalierists are hopelessly divided over three major contenders for the presidency. Louis Dejoie is a wealthy ex-Senator, now in exile in New York. Dejoie is a Mulatto, the choice of the Mulatto elite and the American colony. Clemmet Jumelle was thoroughly discredited and later exonerated as Minister of Finance during the corrupt Magloire regime. He is now in hiding in Haiti. Like Dejoie, he has a \$5,000 price on his head. Daniel Fignole, a brooding Black elite who was provisional President of the country for eighteen days, is in exile in New York.

It is impossible to make democratic judgments or isolate moral

issues in this conflict. Every civil-rights sin committed by the Duvalierists was committed by the Mulattoes during their lordship over the republic. The race issue is not clear-cut. In Haiti, color is caste, not pigment. A low-born Mulatto is a Black, a high-born Black is a Mulatto or, as a Haitian told me, "A rich Negro is a Mulatto, a poor Mulatto is a Black."

Civilized law argues that a defeated politician should wait his turn at the next election, but even this tradition makes little sense in a land where, in 180 years of freedom, twenty-four Presidents were deposed by rebellion, one was poisoned, while yet another was blown to smithereens while asleep in his palace boudoir.

The religious issue is similarly blurred. Catholicism is the state religion, but the masses see nothing incongruous about being both Voodooists and Catholics. The Protestants are the Nouveaux Nothings. The Outs. Their allegiance to the Blacks is dictated by the cast-iron alliance between the Mulatto power structure and the Catholic Church.

The rising tide of anti-Americanism can neither be sanctioned nor condemned. The American Embassy did accomplish the freedom of one of the plotters when he was arrested some weeks ago for conspiracy against Duvalier. There is no doubt of the American colony's sycophantic relationship to the Mulatto socio-economic power structure. Yet, whatever advances the Blacks have received are due, largely, to American economic, social and missionary activities. President Duvalier rose to power because, as a country doctor, he cured the Yaws (a running-sore disease that infected 62 per cent of Haitians) by supervising the injection of one massive dose of penicillin into each of two million peasant rumps. The entire health program was financed by the United States.

The Blacks have every right to vote and hold office, but who can dispute the Mulattoes' claim that there are more government jobs than there are trained Blacks to fill them? Turn the picture a third time and it becomes plain that unconscionable

Mulatto domination and oppression account for the fact that 90 per cent of the Blacks are illiterate, that their annual per capita income is \$62.

The blunt truth is that Haiti has never come into political maturity. There are no strong political parties, only father-image Presidential candidates with Messianic complexes. Only the brute force of the army provides Haiti with any sense of continuing government. Haiti's economics are incredible (the army has not been paid in five weeks and soldiers work as truck drivers at night in order to feed their families). Its social customs are nothing short of ludicrous (the Mulatto elite makes much of marrying its children off to white foreigners, but one American engineer was rejected: "After all, he works with his hands!"). The concept of *individual* freedom makes little, if any, sense in Haiti.

BUT Haiti is not to blame. This nation is the sin-child of the caste-conscious, slavery-prone, hero-worshipping seventeenth-century Western culture. The Western world has repented, but Haiti is a mess we have had neither the inclination nor the courage to clean up. We left this land afflicted with all of our vices and blessed with few, if any, of our virtues.

When Columbus discovered the island of Hispaniola it was peopled by the "lovable, tractable, peaceful" Arawak aborigines. The Spaniards and their smallpox eliminated the aborigines. When the buccaneers, and Catholic French took over the western third of the island (now Haiti), they imported African slaves to till the soil. And on moonlit Caribbean nights the French planters went wenching with African maids, producing a class of free Mulattoes, with color lines so finely drawn that the government of Haiti now officially recognizes 250 blood combinations.

By mid-eighteenth century, Haiti was a land of 40,800 whites who pulled rank on 30,000 *gens de couleur*, while both suppressed 450,000 Black slaves.

The world forgot Haiti after it won its independence from Napoleon. Despite its endless revolutions, the island republic received little atten-

tion until it became a possible strategic base in World War I.

Twenty years of American occupation brought about civil peace, abetted the Mulattoes' strangle hold on the Blacks ("These Southern Americans know how to handle Blacks, you know"), but failed to create political stability. The Haitians substituted a *coup de langues* (tongue revolution) for bloodshed. The army officers would call on the President, bow low, cock their pistols and hand him a one-way ticket to New York. The President would rise, bow low and leave town before dark.

Once the Americans left, the partisans re-adopted bloodshed as a means of political change. Thus, with increasing frequency, Haitian uprisings have become matters of world concern.

HAITIANS are a proud and sovereign people. It is none of the world's business if, out of their tragic intransigence, they set off a blood bath and slay a million citizens. International law has not risen to the point where it can stop a civil war. But Haiti's chronic insolvency has cast the rest

of the world in a nepotic role. Forever in the borrower's robes, Haitians cannot dispute the right of the lending governments, as well as the United Nations, to an active interest in their nation's muddled economic and political affairs.

Few realists believe we shall ever recover the millions we have poured into Haiti. The least, then, is that the Haitians allow their benefactors to save the world's conscience by attempting to mediate between the dissidents in the interest of human dignity.

But how to mediate without insulting the sovereignty of the proud Haitians? The answer, it seems to me (and as Carleton Beals adumbrated in *The Nation*, in the issue of July 6, 1957) is that the United Nations invite the exiled Haitian leaders to a peace table. There an agreement would be reached according to which the dissidents would, at Dr. Duvalier's invitation and under United Nations policing, return home, consolidate their partisans and share the government with Duvalier until a United Nations-supervised election could be held.

This proposal is not Utopian. I

know, from personal interviews, that the dissidents would agree. I have reason to believe that some of Duvalier's top advisers would recommend that he also agree.

But there would have to be two important stipulations. First, the current Haitian Government would have to surrender its entire internal security force to the United Nations team. Not one Haitian exile would dare return home, even with U.N. observers, as long as Duvalier partisans control the courts and the army. Second, the U.N. proposal would have to contain a built-in guarantee of an immediate loan from the World Bank. Haiti is absolutely bankrupt and the certainty of a long-term loan would cause both the Duvalierists and the weary Mulattoes to talk peace.

It will not be easy to check Haiti's pathological bent toward self-destruction, but in the attempt the United Nations would come to full stature and define for itself a new role in international affairs. This negotiation would be a noble experiment, the least we can do for this nation that reflects our sins of yesteryear.

RENAISSANCE FOR SALE . . by David Cort

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY Renaissance, so impatiently awaited, has at last been officially announced in book-review advertisements, in glossy direct-mail announcements and, for all I know, on billboards. The subject is a new magazine called *Horizon*, six issues a year, \$3.95 a copy.

Normally, anything announced in advance as a work of art is entitled to a review *after* its first appearance. So meticulous a courtesy would be wasted in this case. It is too easy to foresee the event complete. What this new Renaissance will actually be is controlled by personalities,

DAVID CORT, in his time an editor with *Time, Inc.*, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

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drives, gimmicks and cost-accountings far too rigid and familiar to permit any random element to explode the show into any sort of art.

It is asserted here that what you will see in the middle of September can be absolutely predicted right now. It will not be art, it will not open the Renaissance, it will not even be nice.

First, let us look at the claim made by *Horizon*: "America today exhibits all the elements which, in ages past, produced great cultures: wealth, leisure, education, energy, the great challenge of a warring world. On all sides we see signs of a cultural explosion" (What! Where?) "and perhaps the dawn of our Golden Age. Such a significant popular" (key word) "movement needs a voice

concerned with nothing else." The voice will be this here new magazine, *Horizon*, \$3.95, a quarter of its 144 pages in two, three or four colors.

The prospectus promises you "excitement and surprise . . . love in its infinite variety, laughter, revelation, strong opinions from strong minds. . . ."

These are priceless experiences. So are Christmas hymns and Auld Lang Syne. But when these really important treasures of the human spirit are exploited for cold profit, with no prospect of fulfillment, it is time to intervene.

THE PROPRIETORS of *Horizon* are an unobtrusive trio named Thorndike, Jensen and Parton. They already run the similar magazine,

American Heritage. Taking them in order, the first is cold, the second is lovable, the third is sharp; taken together, they spell out something like Bennett Cerf. They are products of Harvard in the 30s and of Time, Inc., for which they were a little too un-humble. Madison Avenue must have beckoned to them, but they resisted. They were looking for a magical gimmick of their own. They have invented children's games, formats for *This Week* and anything that looked like the Golden Fleece.

For long the magic gimmick eluded them, possibly because they were still ex-Time, Incers. But part of the Time, Inc. formula is a superficial patriotism in terms of a swollen, imaginary America.

And so in 1954 the boys started the Magazine of Patriotism, *American Heritage*.

Moving to a circulation of about 350,000, this has proved that history, that unsaleable fossil, can be put to use to reassure specific pre-sold audiences. Frustrated Republican thieves want to read about old robber barons who were All-Man. D.A.R.'s, or people who feel like D.A.R.'s, fatten on a particular history. People who feel aristocratic because they live in Charleston, S.C., or Memphis or Peoria want to be told they're right. The cowboys-and-Indians group must add a few solvent subscribers. And then there are the Civil War buffs who will read anything on their subject.

American Heritage is terribly un-exciting, and this with material that is often inherently dramatic. It is cold, lovable and sharp. Nor can it be blamed on the editor, Bruce Catton, who is boxed in by his editor-in-chief, Thorndike, his assistant managing editor, Jensen, and his publisher, Parton.

THE INVENTION of *Horizon* must have grown out of the boys' discovery of all that free, classy history outside the United States, all going to waste. It aroused their cupidity, but they did not lose their caution. None of those American gimmicks—frustrated robber barons, Civil War buffs, D.A.R.'s, provincial aristocrats—would be running for them here. And it must have come to

them, as it has to me, that Americans are less interested than usual, in this decade, in foreign history.

Applying the earlier technique, they had to look for some pre-sold audiences. Among those whom they found, there are some who believe that culture is classy, dictatorships are bad, republics are good, beautiful women are fascinating, foreigners are crazy, and the Bible story is literally true. There is nothing here as good as the gimmicks of *American Heritage*, but together they might prove good enough if one added the magic ingredient, color pictures. The boys' use of pictures, as seen in *American Heritage*, is peculiarly niggardly, decorative rather than pictorial, and must reflect some internal conflict and compromise. The classiness is there, but it is Yankee, stingy and hick.

The boys hope to raise the level of *Horizon* by getting better writers—André Malraux, Robert Graves, Louis Kronenberger, Cleveland Amory, Julian Huxley. This could lead to trouble. One of them, Louis Kronenberger, may have given the boys the idea for *Horizon* while showing why it couldn't succeed in America. In a passage in his book, *Company Manners*, he wrote:

Art's kind of magic again—art's refusal to be achieved through laboratory methods, through getting up charts or symposiums or sales conferences, through looking at smears under the microscope—its magic seems behind the times, almost downright retarded, to a people with a genius for the synthetic. Art's kind of uselessness, finally—its non-vitamin-giving health, its non-pep-you-up modes of pleasure, its non-materialistic enrichment—quite genuinely confuses a people who have been educated to have something to show for their efforts, if only a title or a medal or a diploma.

A pretense of art will be practically impossible for *Horizon*; instead, it will fall back on a pretense of scholarship. Every writer, says the prospectus, "must really know his subject." This conveys merely that *Horizon* will run those leisurely, much-too-long pieces which *The Reporter* has imitated from *The New Yorker*, which borrowed them from

Mencken's *American Mercury*, which was largely unreadable. (All right. Go back and look at it.)

To old-fashioned people who thought a book was a two-dollar hard-cover object and a magazine a cheap paperback, a \$3.95 magazine in hard covers (while books are cheap paperbacks) must be confusing. Still, *Horizon* will be a magazine. The test is whether all the issues are alike. They will be. That makes it a magazine. But one must ask how such a magazine is worth the equivalent of a four-pound pot roast, five dozen eggs or a quart of gin, when you can have the contents of the next hundred issues by buying a second-hand *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

THE PROSPECTUS statement that great cultures are produced by "the great challenge of a warring world" deserves a look. The present moment may be compared to England's mood in the Napoleonic era. In literature this was, for England, a relative doldrums between two great periods. By straining a little, one can place in the period Jane Austen, Byron, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Landor, Scott, Southey and Wordsworth, but most of them did their best work after the military challenge was removed. Actually, one would hesitate to make any connection between great cultures and military challenges. The sort of thinking that must make the connection is essentially characteristic of the boys. They demand that every syllogism feather their nest, every sum add up to their benefit, every sun be rising on their fortunes, and no tide wet their feet. In fact, hordes of these little Canutes daily command the sun to shine on Madison Avenue.

But how grotesque they seem when they order up the Renaissance!

Horizon has the further impudence to append its rules for the Renaissance: "*Horizon* will be kept free of esthetic snobbery, the obscure reference, the pedant's footnote."* Translated, the owners are trying to promise that they will be neither cold, lovable nor sharp.

*Pedant's footnote: Oh, nuts. This is an obscure reference to the snobbery of General McAuliffe at Bastogne.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Scab Millionaire

INDEPENDENT MAN: The Life of Senator James Couzens. By Harry Barnard. Charles Scribner's Sons. 376 pp. \$5.95.

Carl Dreher

THIS BOOK, by the author of *Eagle Forgotten: The Life of John Peter Altgeld*, has pace and color, but lacks literary distinction. It is as if the writer wished to suit the style to his subject and deliberately avoided eloquence. The symbiosis extends to other features. From beginning to end there is not an unclear sentence. The chapters are short. The research weighs down the notes in the back, not the text. If Couzens had been a writer, this is how he would have written. The effect, biographically, is that he emerges, is seen. And he is something to see. None of the systems of government of the great industrial nations is conducive to the production of forthright, self-steered, principled individuals; and when they do somehow come forth, often the only success open to them is that of martyrdom. But here is the real thing in that line, and no martyr. Though he suffered, he gave as good as he took in conflicts that redound to the glory of Canada, which gave him birth and character, and the United States, of which he might have been President had he been born on the south shore of Lake Erie instead of the north.

At the height of his financial career, Couzens was worth between forty and sixty millions, which in pre-1920 dollars represented vast wealth. He made his money mainly in the Ford Motor Company, for the success of which he was more responsible than Ford himself. In the early years of the company, he was the entire office management, did all the hiring and firing, kept the books, collected, disbursed, reinvested earnings, sold, established agencies, dictated business policy. Later, as vice president, treasurer and general manager, he was plenipotentiary over 6,700 Ford agents, 35 branches, 26 assembly plants, 48 Ford accounts in American banks and a number in foreign banks, and still the foremost policy-maker. It was said that everyone in the nascent Ford Company

worked like a dog, and Couzens worked harder than anyone else. A pleasant disposition was not one of his virtues and his short temper was one of his assets in business. People were afraid of him. Of course this kind of force succeeds only when coupled with great ability. Couzens had both.

But his best fortune was that he was a pristine Ford stockholder. In 1903, he could lay his hands on only \$500 to invest, of which \$400 was his own. He was able to borrow another \$2,000. His sister Rosetta, a schoolteacher, had \$300 and would have invested it all, but their father objected so vehemently that Rosetta put in only \$100. For this she received in 1919, over and above dividends, \$691,142.10. At the same time Couzens, alienated by Ford's anti-Semitism and such bizarre notions as that cigarette-smoking was a cause of criminality, sold out for \$29 million. In the interval, he had bought up other partners' interests.

THAT WAS how Couzens made his money. He disbursed in benefactions about \$30 million. But he is remembered today neither for his money-making nor his giving. He survives as the creative politician, driven by the logic of events and his own social morality into a position where he was regarded as a traitor to his class and an enemy of wealth by those presumably in the best position to know — members of the upper class and large owners of property.

Couzens was a self-made man, originally of the middle class but lacking the middle-class reverence for wealth. He lacked it even while he was himself bent on success for its tangible rewards and as a symbol of achievement. He adopted the mode of living of the conventional rich, but not their mode of thinking and feeling. Keeping his mind inviolate, he refused to be assimilated. Thus, in a significant and indeed fundamental characteristic, he was at odds with the society in which he lived.

Populism was a political force when Couzens, eighteen years old in 1890, came to Detroit from Chatham, Ontario, to work as a car checker for the Michigan Central Railroad. The years of his business success followed. They were not long: twenty or less. In 1913, forty-one years old, Couzens realized that he had all the money he wanted. The idea of

continuing what he now saw to be futile produced in him a kind of nausea. Then it produced clarity. Couzens gazed unflinchingly at the society that had raised him to wealth and power and found it wanting. Other rich men who reached such conclusions were appalled by the vast bulk of evil and ineffectuality, and decided to let well enough alone. But Couzens never lived by A. E. Housman's terrible line: "Let us endure an hour and see injustice done."

HE resigned his position in the Ford Motor Company on October 12, 1915. On September 28, 1916, Detroit's Mayor Oscar B. Marx, in trouble with a lax police department, appointed Couzens police commissioner. Like Theodore Roosevelt in a like situation some twenty years earlier, Couzens throughout his term was embroiled with politicians and judges. The serio-comic climax, typical of Detroit, was when he was held in contempt of court for interfering with a collusive arrangement between a municipal judge and professional bondsmen in a case involving streetwalkers. Refusing to pay a \$100 fine, Couzens was locked up briefly in his own jail.

The incident brought him national publicity. About a year and a half later, as a candidate for Mayor in the primary, he achieved more publicity. The streetcar company, privately owned, providentially chose that time to raise the fare from a nickel to six cents. Couzens boarded a Fort Street car, dropped a nickel in the fare box and proceeded to a seat. The conductor ordered him off the car. Couzens did not budge. Traffic on Fort Street was blocked even more than usual. Couzens and the conductor were photographed as the conductor finally pushed Couzens off the car. Couzens was dismayed when hundreds of citizens refused to pay six cents and riots swept the city, but his campaign workers persuaded him to remain silent. He won the primary and the runoff. On taking office, he promised: "I'll reward no friends and I'll punish no enemies." He also said, "I will conduct myself so that I have my own self-respect, regardless of whether people like me."

Couzens was Mayor during the post-World War I anti-Bolshevist delirium. In the winter of 1919, in the face of American Legion threats of violence and the advice of his own police commissioner, he insisted on the right of the

CARL DREHER is a frequent contributor.

August 30, 1958

I.W.W.'s Big Bill Haywood to speak. Couzens attended the meeting. Haywood spoke. There was no violence.

Nor would Couzens cooperate in the federal drive to seize, jail and deport Reds. "Are we to stifle every symptom of thinking by shouting Bolshevism?" he asked. This was only one in a series of contests in which he was forced to expend his energies in upholding the most elementary American principles against assault from the most respectable quarters. He stood for free speech at a time when to beat up a member of the I.W.W. was esteemed a patriotic act. The more cautious had their turn when the patriots ran out of Grade A victims. In 1926, Couzens had to intervene on behalf of William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, who had been barred from speaking at the Detroit YMCA.

COUZENS WAS appointed to the Senate in 1922 to fill the unexpired term of Truman H. Newberry, who had resigned rather than face expulsion on charges of violation of the federal Corrupt Practices Act. Warren G. Harding was President. Alice Longworth said of Harding that he was not a bad man, "just a slob." Under these auspices, Couzens made a brief attempt to behave like a Republican. Then he said: "... if being a Republican means kowtowing to the President, I do not care to be a Republican." Asked by a reporter whether it was true he was a radical, Couzens replied, "Yes, I'm radical as hell when I see an evil that ought to be ended." He allied himself with the Progressive faction in the Senate: Norris, La Follette, Borah, Hiram Johnson and the Senators who usually voted with this group.

Coolidge was inclined to be friendly with Couzens who, after all, had been a successful businessman. He does not seem to have been offended by Couzens' habit of shouting and smashing his fist on the Executive desk. Hoover, however, felt a personal antipathy toward Couzens. "A very dangerous man," he called him with unconscious flattery. For his own part Couzens, at first hopeful of Hoover as a potential progressive, came to detest him.

A former Congressman said, "Senator Couzens is a wolf in sheep's clothing. He is not a Republican. He is a Socialist." The Congressman was more than half-right about Couzens' Republicanism, but Couzens was not a Socialist, except as a term of abuse. His creed was summed up in the statement: "I want to do what I can to see that life is not made a burden for the many and a holiday for

the few. I want to do that which will contribute the greatest good to the greatest number." This brand of vague meliorism is innocuous enough. It resounds every Sabbath from thousands of pulpits; it is taught in the schools and sanctioned by boards of education. The horror, in the case of Couzens, was that he meant it and was in a position to act on it. If he couldn't make life a holiday for the many (which was not his purpose, actually), he could at times make it a burden for the few who rode on the backs of the many. Thus he aroused fear and loathing among that section of the reactionary rich who were thrown into frenzy by any threat to their status.

Their fears were not entirely psychopathic. Couzens was an industrialist in a capitalist democracy who took both capitalism and democracy seriously; but when it came to a choice, he was for democracy. It must be admitted, also, that if he was not a Socialist, neither was he a genuine capitalist. He had the money, but not the inner qualities. When La Follette died, Couzens de-

Creek Song

As she walked by Unami
that told her where it went
by the pounding blood of its autumn
mud,
her eyes of sixteen
looked, against her eyelids,
at dark blood of her own
that frightened her and lightened her
and made her want to sing.

As she walked by Unami
in the mid-August heat,
she held her hands like hard breastbands
over her restless breath.
The pike that swam the ripples
slowed its pulsing fin
and pointed at her its mystery
and so her hands dropped down.

As she walked by Unami
still closer to the shore,
she saw a gash within the fork
of the March-green sycamore.
It might have been a shadow,
it might have been a nest,
but she had to hold to a holly bush
until her fainting stopped.

As she walked by Unami
on a crust of fallen snow,
she touched the splice of forming ice
that covered the current's flow.
Her arms within her coat sleeves,
her blood within her arms,
cooled like the creek, knew how to keep
beyond the reach of storms.

MILLEN BRAND

livered this tribute before the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen: "Yesterday we lost, I think, the greatest American of our age. No man stood up for so many years against the abuse, the misrepresentation, the lies of the big press and of capital more fearlessly or more unflinchingly. . . ." This and much else that Couzens said had unmistakable anti-capitalist overtones which rang harshly in the ears of those who, if capitalism was to be mentioned at all, insisted that it be in terms of religious veneration.

Furthermore, critical commentaries on the existing order and eulogies of world-improvers are infectious and may crop up in the most unlikely places. Barnard points out that in 1955, Chief Justice Earl Warren paid tribute to La Follette in almost the same phrases as Couzens had in 1925. In the thirties no one could have seemed safer and sounder than Earl Warren, Attorney General of California. Today, on many crucial issues, he is an affliction to his early admirers, as Couzens was thirty years ago. Was there a direct transmission of the virus? If it can attack the James Couzenses and Earl Warrens, who is safe? In what future crises might benign dissidence assume virulent forms?

COUZENS' CAREER shows what can happen. During the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations, he wasted much of his energy in bitter personal contention with Andrew W. Mellon and other cardinal-archbishops of the economy. He was referred to in the clubs of the well-born and well-heeled — especially the ones to which he belonged — as the "scab millionaire." Still, he was an annoyance rather than a menace. The collapse of 1929 changed all this almost overnight. The resulting Senatorial inquisitions, in which Couzens played a prominent part, proved that his criticism had been only too well-founded. But it must not be imagined that the revelations of corruption at the highest levels of the financial community gave the high-minded Couzens any satisfaction. He was appalled that men with every opportunity to behave well had behaved so badly. But this made him only the more dangerous, for the fact was that the system of which they were a part made it impossible for them to do otherwise, yet he refused to condone what to them seemed venial sins.

After the inquisitions came the reforms, and again Couzens played a major role. Couzens was not a scholar in economics, but he had practical experience and a free mind. If one reviews what he proposed — including his er-

rors — he comes out far ahead of the Presidents with whom he served: Harding, Coolidge, Hoover — and Roosevelt. In particular, Couzens should receive credit for antedating Roosevelt in many of the crucial measures of the New Deal.

More than a decade before the New Deal came to fruition, Couzens was favoring government action, when necessary, to fill a social need. As Mayor of Detroit, he abandoned a project for public financing of home building only because he lacked the power to amend the state constitution. In the 1921 depression, he packed the street-cleaning department with unemployed workers and dispensed doles from the city treasury to others. Already denounced as a "Socialist," he retorted, "Human beings cannot be permitted to starve because of political theory."

Nowadays conservatives not only accept the reforms of the New Deal — rechristened "built-in stabilizers" — but talk as if they had themselves initiated them. The truth is that they or their predecessors did all they could to block these measures. One of Barnard's accomplishments is that he takes us back into an era in which everything that Andy Mellon frowned upon became *ipso facto* mortal heresy, and shows what Couzens did to replace hobgoblin economics with a semblance of reason. In the summer of 1931, the Senator told Ray Tucker, a Scripps-Howard writer, that even if it meant tripling the federal debt, the government should "make work by building libraries, museums, highways, bridges, schools and so forth, even if they returned no income." Tucker was astonished and asked if Couzens, as a businessman and a millionaire, would permit quotation. Couzens said, "Sure!" and Tucker got an eight-column headline in the New York *World-Telegram*. Tucker later thought that Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, might have got the inspiration for his Presidential public-works program from this account.

OF the four Presidents in whose administrations he served in the Senate, Roosevelt was the only one for whom Couzens felt respect and affection. "He's human!" Couzens exclaimed after their first meeting. Politics is charged with irony. Roosevelt was Couzens' political nemesis. After fourteen years of free-wheeling independence in the Senate, Couzens had no political machine and a host of enemies. The Michigan Old Guard selected Wilbur J. Brucker, now Secretary of the Army, to run against him in the primary. Couzens' defeat was a foregone conclusion. Any remaining doubts were resolved when, chal-

lenged by Brucker to declare for Landon as President, he announced that he was for Roosevelt. "I have written myself out of the Senate," he said to Senator McNary. Surprisingly, he still polled 200,000 votes against Brucker's 328,000.

It would have made no difference if he had won. He was ill. It seemed that in sickness, as in business and politics, he had to do things on a grand scale. He had diabetes, a bladder ailment, migraine headaches, sinusitis, sacrocoxitis, jaundice and a stomach disorder. He was hospitalized on October 14, as Roosevelt was on his way to Michigan in the last stages of the campaign. Roosevelt wanted to visit Couzens in the hospital; Couzens would not hear of it. He left his bed and met Roosevelt at the train. He was with the President on the parade through the streets of Detroit, the rally at Hamtramck Stadium and the great mass meeting in front of the City Hall. Returning to the hospital, he was stricken with uremic poisoning. He had had ten operations. An eleventh was proposed by his doctors. "All right," Couzens said. "It's all right with me." He did not come out of the anesthetic. A few days later Roosevelt swept the election.

Theseus in Crete

THE KING MUST DIE. By Mary Renault. Pantheon Books. 338 pp. \$4.50.

Katherine Hoskins

MARY RENALT's *The King Must Die* is the fullest account to date of Theseus' adventure with the Minotaur, and I should suppose that it would hold the palm for quite a while. She has made it a rich and exciting novel — interweaving the myth with human probabilities, recent archaeological findings and her own understanding of ancient customs. Perhaps the most pleasing element in her treatment is the naturalness with which acceptance of both divine and human agencies inform the thoughts of her characters so that, in constant interplay, the dark of religion is given shape by and also shapes the light of rationality. Thus, while Theseus

KATHERINE HOSKINS is a poet, critic and writer of short stories. Her volume of poetry, *Villa Narcisse*, won her a grant from Brandeis University; more recently, she has been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship.

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knows that his human father is Aegeus, he can at the same time claim the paternity of Poseidon. Chatting with the one, and able in a crisis to call for a wave-like utterance from the other, he enjoys a double reliance that is strange to most of us, and enviable.

I IMAGINE that the story of Theseus is second only to that of Oedipus in the number of re-writers it has attracted. And interpretation of salient points varies with the writer. Take the desertion of Ariadne on Naxos. Gustav Schwab gives the familiar account that it was occasioned by Dionysus who appeared in a dream to Theseus. Gide shows Theseus as bored to death with Ariadne from the start and determined to maroon her at the first chance so that he may proceed to Athens with Phèdre. According to Hawthorne, Ariadne remained in Crete to look after her old father. (This last is so ludicrous that I feel I should point out that Hawthorne himself made a pretty thorough apology for viewing myths "in the aspect of baby stories.")

According to Miss Renault, Theseus spends many happy hours with Ariadne before they leave Crete. (And the earthquake plus revolution plus murder by which they effect their escape is stunningly presented.) However, before that, Miss Renault has planted in our minds that, as Cretan and Hellene, these two might have difficulty finding common

ground. Still, Theseus loves Ariadne and it is only when they spend a night on the island of Naxos and take part in a Dionysiac celebration during which Ariadne, in her character of priestess, not only gets dead drunk but performs rather unmentionable acts that Theseus gives in to his first misgivings and leaves her. A Hellene gentleman, he does, however, make sure that she will be honored there, and loved.

By choosing for comment only one episode in her long book, I have done an injustice to Miss Renault's inventive exfoliations. Every question we have learned to ask in reading the tale is answered brilliantly and at length—as, what was the Minotaur, what was the labyrinth, how did the matriarchal system work, how might it have been supplanted by the patriarchal, how did Theseus get away from Crete, why did he forget to change the black sail for a white? If, to me, her archaeological solutions seem more acceptable than many of her humane, the workings of peoples' minds has always been considerably more labyrinthine than anything even Daedalus could contrive. At any rate, for those who like their archaeology lightened by a story or, conversely, for those who hope by archaeology to approach perhaps a little nearer to an understanding of the story — *The King Must Die* is wholeheartedly to be recommended.

expression of a personality, a literary celebrity of its day."

She had forced the act of writing into a medium that came very close to the quickly performed, then as quickly forgotten, engagements with both enemies and friends. Writing became the means by which she participated in literary adventure. It was very nearly the by-product of her personality.

A great deal of the charm and value of Gregory's *Amy Lowell* lies in its recall of her contemporaries and their now so seemingly remote time of World War I. His quick portraits of Pound, Masters, Fletcher, Lindsay, Millay, Teasdale and others, are deft in use of essentials of portraiture and highly reliable in literary judgment. He brings back the brave days of *vers libre* and Imagism and "Amygism" (as Pound soon termed it) from London to Brookline, Massachusetts. This is all excellently done and makes his book, like Miss Lowell, a contribution to our literary history.

MISS LOWELL herself he sees as first of all a not inconsistent exhibit of a remarkable family. She was born to a great name, to wealth and position, and she used all three in furthering her career. She had as stimulus two much-admired older brothers, Percival and Lawrence; but she had innately, too, the characteristic drive of the family. It is Gregory's plausible, convincing argument that her literary tastes, no less than her tastes in clothes and politics and the general amenities, were conservative. Deepest of them, from her youth on, was her adoration of Keats which came to its fruition in a huge and admirable (more than not) biography toward the end of her life.

There are some errors of fact in Gregory's book, a little wastage (I think) in unimportant anecdotalage, and one would have liked a fuller showing forth of just what Amy Lowell did write. But there can be no question of his general success. Flavors and fervors of a distant and still exciting time have been recaptured, proportioned, revealed for value. Amidst them that extraordinary woman: something of an actress but burdened with an overstout, sick body; something of a hard-headed (Lowell) business executive, but turning the high-handed, imperious impulses into the paths of literature; something of a masculine energy, even, but in fact interknit with an indubitably feminine nature. No doubt of it, the little smoke of her battles and of her cigars lingers, if ever so faintly, upon our literary air.

Remembering Amy Lowell

AMY LOWELL. By Horace Gregory. Thomas Nelson & Sons. 213 pp. \$5.

Winfield Townley Scott

ONLY two or three years ago—thirty after Amy Lowell's death—when at last a one-volume *Collected Poems* was published, the event seemed of too little importance to necessitate critical reassessment of her work.

Amy Lowell survives, not as a poet but as a legendary figure. Genuinely spectacular characters are too few for us ever to let go such a gorgeous specimen as she. Yet eccentricity makes for a second-rate immortality. Miss Lowell had greater longings than to be only a colorful paragraph in the history of American literature.

There have, now, been three books

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT is a poet, essayist and former editor of the *Providence Journal's* distinguished book page. His recent *The Dark Sister* is a narrative poem based on Norse saga.

about her. Rushed into print within a year of her death was a vindictive biographical study by Clement Wood. It was not without critical acumen, but its mean-mindedness compromised it, and it is now quite forgotten. A decade later came the monumental official biography by S. Foster Damon. That book will remain for what it is: a more respectful judgment of Amy Lowell's poems than time seems to allow, but nonetheless an indispensable record of the woman and her life and her era. With time on his side, Horace Gregory now presents a brief study devoid both of Wood's close jealousies and Damon's close reverence.

HORACE GREGORY'S expressed purpose is an interpretive historical essay that attempts to place Amy Lowell among other poets of her day." His argument is that "Her distinction had no relevance to the writing of poetry; it was clearly and cheerfully the public

Books in Brief

LOLITA. By Vladimir Nabokov. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 319 pp. \$5.

THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER. By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 288 pp. \$4.50.

THE CULTURED MAN. By Ashley Montagu. The World Publishing Co. 284 pp. \$3.95.

Robert Hatch

IT STRIKES me that Vladimir Nabokov wrote *Lolita* in a waggish mood and that the point of his jest may be to seduce his readers into admiring the pseudo-memoirs of a stunning bore. *Lolita* is a glittering machine — it is as wickedly deft as the spooferies of Laurence Sterne; but once you have admired the cabinet-work, once you have absorbed the shock of its melancholy sexuality, you are confronted with the personality of its narrator-hero. The key to Mr. Humbert Humbert is that he is obsessed, not by little girls, but by the vibrations of his own sensibility. He is as absorbed in himself as any of Kafka's alter-egos, but to much less profitable ends. For the mind of Humbert Humbert is a pudding stuffed with blandest plums of a Continental education. He utters banalities in French and he alternates between complacent satisfaction with his undistinguished wit and bleating self-pity at the miscarriage of his obscene stratagems.

You might expect this — might expect a man who devotes his energy and ingenuity to the debauching of a twelve-year-old to be a dull fellow in general society. I cannot praise too highly the finesse with which Nabokov sketches the vacuous elegance of his hero's mind. I am impressed by his mastery of English and amused by his accurate though not very profound gibes at American mores and American pretensions. Nevertheless, the hours I spent with Humbert Humbert were achingly tedious — best explained, perhaps, by the premise that Mr. Nabokov was indulging himself in a prolonged practical joke.

The book is erotic, but surprisingly less erotic than might be predicted from the nature and frankness of the theme. All of us — all men, that is — have detected sexuality in certain girl children and have mused shamefully on the potential excitements of these immature Circes. Since erotica is normally effective to the degree that it touches responsive impulses in the reader, one might expect *Lolita* to be exceedingly heady. In fact, though, it seems curiously to be a description of events that never hap-

pened. The girl, Lolita, drifts into and out of the power of her monstrous stepfather with a ludicrous indifference to the rites he inflicts upon her. She behaves as though she were no party to Humbert's lust and, since the nature of his lust is private gratification, it could be that she never was. Humbert describes her as a silly, restless, athletic schoolgirl who conceals behind her petulant face the knowledge of a courtesan. In the event, it is she who first seduces him — with the cold efficiency of a five dollar trick. This is unusual experience in schoolgirls, but it is sufficiently commonplace in the reveries of middle-aged men of deficient potency. I wonder if, in fact, Humbert ever touched his delicious nymphet — whether the unclean revels of *Lolita* are anything more than the pathetic day dreams of a young old man. The mock preface insists that it is all dreadfully real, but then the author of that preface — one John Ray, Jr., Ph.D. — is a caricature of the myopic academe, and I don't think that Mr. Nabokov expects us to take his word for anything.

There remains the question of why this clever book comes to the American market on a wave of such extravagant praise. Partly, I think, it is because the cleverness is of a kind that particularly appeals to the literary professional. The mock trappings of scholarship make him chuckle, the gay skating on the thinnest of "good taste" rouses his admiration, and I fear that Humbert Humbert talks a prissy lingo that some professors would be pleased to emulate. Also, the book looked like a lost cause. It had been banned in Paris, of all places, and one could assume that it would never be published here. Since at the very least it is a literate curiosity, this was clearly an outrage, and one tended to pitch the adjectives to a high note in sounding a protest. Now that it has been published, no one will be unduly embarrassed by this early praise. *Lolita* is skillful enough and outrageous enough to save faces all around — though in the end it may prove to be more a japes than a masterpiece.

ORWELL's *The Road to Wigan Pier* came out in England in 1937, a few years after he had returned from Burma and just before he went off to Spain. There is no obvious reason for publishing it here twenty years later — when most of its facts and many of its opinions are out of date — and I had supposed that it was another of those exhumations

that publishers sponsor in the hope of getting one more play out of a famous name. Maybe so — but it is a wonderfully alive body.

The circumstances surrounding the first appearance of the book are entertaining. Those were the days when the Left Book Club, under the guidance of Harold Laski, John Strachey and Victor Gollancz, was riding the wave of Socialist optimism. The club commissioned Orwell, who had recently shown in *Down and Out in Paris and London* a gift for cruising inconspicuously in the lowest economic strata, to move into the industrial north of England and report on conditions among the miners and related groups of the chronically unemployed. This was a brilliant assignment: Orwell wrote a report that entirely transcends its economic data and becomes an elegy on the spirit of poverty. He traveled down into the mines and looked with wonder on the prodigious labors of the small, malformed miners; he visited in their homes, taking notes on seeping walls, infested cupboards, backed-up drains; he explained with almost weeping anger the psychology of permanent unemployment and why the poor will always — indeed, must always — spend their inadequate shillings on tawdry luxury. It is the writing of an artist with his blood up and it can stand with Hogarth and Dickens.

Having written this much to fulfill his obligation to Gollancz and Co., Orwell started right over again on a companion tract to fulfill an obligation to himself. The second half of the manuscript he turned in to the Left Book Club is a sweeping attack on professional Socialists and theoretical socialism. Those were the days of leagues against war and fascism, of starry-eyed reports on the Russian experiment, of reliance on the planned society for the cure of misery. Orwell thought it was cant and ignorance, self-righteousness and shortsightedness and he laid about him with the flat of his hand. Much of what he said was too angry to be just, but he had an instinct for soft spots and he hit them all. Enough of them are still soft to make this good, if bitter, reading today.

Orwell's unsolicited biting of the hand that was then feeding him naturally troubled Laski, Strachey and Gollancz. They didn't agree, and yet their principles would not let them eliminate Part Two of *Wigan Pier* as not being in the contract. So they published the whole work, only adding an explanatory and mollifying note by Gollancz. This brief statement gives the book a final historical glamor — it shunts you back all at once

into a period when men still thought of themselves as individually responsible and potent in social affairs. Socialism could be understood in terms of what Mr. Laski said to Mr. Strachey, what both of them agreed Mr. Gollancz should say to the public about Mr. Orwell. These men operated on the assumption that they grasped the issues of their day. It may have been an illusion — indeed, you could cite events to show that it was certainly an illusion — but it may be one that we cannot do without. No one today feels as relevant to the welfare of the future as Mr. Gollancz felt himself to be in 1937; humility now becomes us as a shroud.

“THE CULTURED MAN,” says Ashley Montagu in a book of that title, “has a sense of humor. That is to say, not only is he able to perceive the comic (as well as the tragic) side of things, including himself, but he knows how to wear his own crown of thorns gracefully, over one ear, as it were.” How very true — and yet I wonder whether a man who undertakes to instruct his fellows on the quality of their cultivation should raise the question of humor.

The Cultured Man is a book I would not normally pause over, but I know a piece of merchandise when I see one. Before the snow flies, this treatise on elegance of the mind is going to be out in paper covers, wagging its finger from the drug store racks at every passerby who suffers from a sense of cultural insufficiency. It is part sermon, part parlor game — a package made to sell — and I must advise that it be taken *cum grano salis* — as Dr. Montagu would almost certainly say.

The first part of the book, the sermon, is an examination of the views, virtues and social usefulness of the cultured man, and of the degree of culture now prevailing in the United States. A few sample passages:

Americans are interested in money as a means of maximizing the experience of life in all its manifold possibilities. . . . The problem, of course, is to know which experiences are worth maximizing and which are not.

Need I say that Dr. Montagu is a social anthropologist by trade?

In brief, each of these traits, the humane mind, the sensitiveness to beauty, an intense interest and curiosity, and an ability to think soundly, are the necessary conditions, no one of which minus the presence of the others is sufficient to make a

cultured man; but which necessary conditions, occurring together in an individual, constitute the sufficient conditions minimally requisite to make a cultured man.

To which I can only add that another possible condition is the ability to express oneself with cogency and dispatch. Dr. Montagu also tells us that “no man can survive as an island entire of himself” and that, “to himself being true,” the cultured man “cannot be false to any man.” He always says “virtually” where you and I would say “almost.”

The second, or fun, part of the book consists of a set of fifty questionnaires (with answers) in areas from Agriculture, through Music and Sex Differences, to Words. A system is set down whereby the contestant can work out his Culture Quotient after taking these tests. I couldn’t quite grasp the grading system. The quizzes themselves recall “Ask Me Another,” a game of great

popularity some twenty years ago, except that, in addition to questions of fact (“What is the Weber-Fechner Law?”), Dr. Montagu poses questions of opinion (“What do you think our attitude should be to the Russians?”). The answer to the latter, by the way, contains a remarkable sentence: “Certainly physical force is not physical force when it is used to repel physical force, but it is far better to avoid force by the more efficient means of reconciliation — if such is, indeed, still possible.”

A good deal more could be said of Dr. Montagu’s Culture Quotient, but I’m afraid I can’t go on. If you can pass his tests you can make a fortune on television; on the other hand, you need not let yourself be bullied by a man who thinks that a cylinder is stronger than a solid tube, that a woman is stronger than a man, or that a cultured man will never cross his legs for fear of injury to nerves and veins.

LETTER from JAPAN

Donald Richie

THE recently issued United Nations Demographic Yearbook has reported that Japan’s national suicide rate is the world’s highest. Though almost all the papers here carried this item, it excited little more than passing interest. The Japanese have known for some time that their suicide rate is extremely high.

This year, however, the Welfare Ministry began compiling statistics. They discovered that last year one Japanese committed suicide every twenty-four minutes and that, if the rate continues in the next twelve months, twenty-four Japanese out of every hundred thousand will do away with themselves. Last year almost twenty-two thousand, the equivalent of the typical Japanese small town, committed suicide.

The Welfare Ministry could suggest no adequate reason for the extremely high rate, nor for the fact that, unlike the situation in other countries, a high minority of the suicides in Japan consists of teen-agers and children. It merely stated that the main reasons seem to be “nervous breakdowns, family troubles and just plain boredom.”

DONALD RICHIE lives in Tokyo and teaches there in a Japanese university. He has published one novel on the country, is working on another; his critical history of the Japanese film will be published this fall.

Unless nervous breakdowns may be broadened to include complete despair, another reason might be added. That is the extreme difficulty of making a living in Japan, the frequent impossibility of finding a job and, even if one is found, the difficulty of living on the salary obtained. It is by no means rare for a Japanese to despair to the point of suicide.

The average Japanese lives on the equivalent of \$28 a month. To be sure, things are less expensive in Japan than they are in America. But the Japanese so situated finds that the cheapest kind of suit costs his salary; the least expensive board and room costs half of it. A college education, a set of dentures, a hospital operation are unimaginable to one who owns one suit, who lives in a room six by nine, and who eats little but soup and rice. Japan is precisely what the Japanese are forever telling foreigners it is: a very poor country.

It is also the wealthiest country in Asia. India and the rest of southern Asia are much more spectacularly impoverished, but then India and South-east Asia are not concerned with keeping up appearances the way the Japanese are.

That is one of the reasons why the tourist never really realizes how poor Japan is. Seeing the famous sights, perhaps guided by people too polite to

mention an economic fact, he will return home little realizing that home — wherever it may be — is regarded by almost everyone he has met as the land of milk and honey. He will have noted that the people seem well fed and that they dress surpassingly well. What he cannot be expected to have learned is that stomachs are filled with the same thing day in and day out and that almost every man has just one suit, the one he saw him in; that the young lady he thought so pretty on the street, though owning more than one dress, made all of them herself.

It is only after one has lived in the country for a time that the extreme poverty becomes apparent, that one realizes how it limits the Japanese and how it could so easily lead to despair and death. It becomes apparent when one watches a friend in a perfect agony of indecision, choosing a necktie that he knows must last the year; when one finds acquaintances lying that they have just eaten, afraid they have not perfectly understood, afraid they could not pay for their share; when it finally becomes clear that no matter how poor, the foreigner is rich beyond the wildest dreams of any of his acquaintances, and that he must accept all the prerogatives and obligations of extreme wealth.

Certainly, one of the reasons for suicide is poverty and despair. When one reads, as one does weekly, that yet another farmer in Chiba or Tohoku or Nagano, has strangled or clubbed or chopped his family and then taken his life, the reason is economic. When nameless and faceless young men from the mountains, trying to make a living in Tokyo or Osaka, leap from department store roofs or throw themselves in front of trains, that too is economic. When homeless girls are found floating in public ponds or lying in the tiny cubicle of some back-street hotel, having taken some cheap and powerful but painful poison, that too is economic.

POVERTY, though perhaps the single greatest cause of suicide, is not the only one. The Welfare Ministry is right to suggest family troubles because in Japan family squabbles tend to be important, the reason being that the family itself is important. Despite the Meiji reforms, despite the very liberal Taisho period, despite a war and an occupation, the family system is still almost as strong as it was during the Tokugawa. If the Emperor has been demoted, the father is still very much the head of his family. Most fathers are sensible but some are not; in either case, what he says goes.

Hence the considerable number of

star-crossed lovers. Since arranged marriages are still more numerous than any other kind, parental permission is often denied a son or daughter and one of the solutions is double-suicide. In fact, this kind of suicide seems more common than any other, but perhaps that is only because it always makes good copy. At any rate, the hotels in Shimbashi or Asakusa, the kind which let out rooms by the hour, are inured to the monthly suicide, young people taking sleeping tablets, slashing their wrists, or their throats, and being found either very ill or dead.

Just as often the unhappy lovers will journey. Sometimes they go to a place seen in happier days. More often, however, they choose one of the many places in Japan where it is traditionally proper to commit suicide.

Mount Aso in Kyushu is a favored spot and the people running the tea-rooms at the summit are always on the lookout for despairing couples. The Kumamoto police at one time even had a special station there designed to do nothing but take care of would-be suicides. Another designated locality is a big waterfall near Nikko. The discovery of yet two more beaten and battered bodies at the bottom scarcely disturbs the waitresses at the nearby refreshment house. There are others in Hokkaido and there is a celebrated leap in Shikoku; there are geysers and cliffs and rivers and lakes and boiling pot-holes. Japan is filled with conveniently situated suicide spots.

Lovers' leaps are not unknown in the West, and Westerners may understand, even if they do not approve, the choice of the thwarted lovers. Much more difficult to comprehend — though just as clearly the result of father and the family system — are suicides because of failure.

Every year a number of children kill themselves because they have failed in school. Sometimes a young member of a baseball team will jump off a bridge or fling himself under an express because he was responsible for losing the game. And if a youngster is inadvertently responsible for the death or injury of another, the one sure way to clear his name is suicide.

Japan has always been suicide-prone. It has long been absolutely fascinated by the subject. The literature is full of it and history holds aloft for special commendation those heroes who preferred death to the various forms of dishonor. The theatre — the Kabuki in particular — has more than its share of suicide (though not one Japanese in ten has ever seen the Kabuki, it is far too

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expensive). The movies are full of it too — someone is always cutting himself, for the purest of motives.

Suicide is socially acceptable. The press may be alarmed but the public is not disturbed. The Japanese bent on self-destruction must fight his way through many less barriers than the suicidal Westerner. Religion is silent on the subject; so is the state. As for public morals, it was only fifteen years ago that the people were being told suicide was a noble act, if done for unselfish reasons.

To be sure, this acceptance is tacit. Heads are shaken and tongues are clicked and nothing at all is done; suicide is considered a waste but not a criminal waste and perhaps the reason for this is that the Japanese have long drawn an indelible line between public and private behavior. If it is your son who kills himself the event is a calamity; but if it is your next-door neighbor's, it is not worth thinking about; nothing can be done and besides it doesn't affect you directly.

THIS distinction of behavior affects anyone coming to Japan. Private gardens are manicured to a prodigious beauty, but just on the other side of the wall is the public street, in shocking condition, filled with the ordure of weeks. Old ladies bow with exquisite courtesy to each other after having just descended from a bus they have battled their way from, all knees, elbows and sharp parol points. The tea ceremony is completed in the hush of ritual, table manners transformed into a rite where the turning of a bowl in the wrong direction is a major infraction: yet, on his way home, the tea master may relieve himself in the middle of the street.

The Japanese, with their knack for finding a proper time and place for everything, with their genius for taking all the shocks, joyful as well as sad, out of life, and with their passion for the expected, manage to reconcile even suicide to its proper position. It is a fact of life, brought about by Japan's economy, its family system and its traditional inclination. And it is largely so regarded.

It is accepted in so matter of fact a way that it never seems to be thought of as distant. And this is as true among the young as it is among the old. During a recent poll, a large number of teenagers were asked, among other things, what to do about a love which parents opposed. Forty-five per cent answered that the best and "most beautiful" answer to the problem was double-suicide.

Anyone who lives in the country long enough will see his share of bodies in

canals, will catch the flash of a white skirt just before the train hits, will hear the hush around him and follow the eyes to the top of some tall building.

One night this summer I was walking through Ueno Park and passed the statue of one of the Meiji counter-revolution heroes, one who committed suicide for the best of motives and who is now honored by an enormous monument. A man was at the base and as I walked nearer, he said: "Go away."

I asked why and he said: "Don't bother me."

Then I asked why I shouldn't bother him and he said: "Will you help me?"

I went toward him until he could see my face.

"Oh, you're a foreigner. You wouldn't understand."

"What are you doing?" I asked, suddenly aware that I was standing before one of the less celebrated but still relatively busy designated spots.

"That's Saigo Takamure," he said, looking at the statue.

"Are you going to kill yourself?"

He laughed and half extended his hand, though what he was holding I never saw. Instead, I turned and walked away and, over my shoulder, told him not to kill himself and received no answer. I did just what a Japanese would have done. I walked carefully out of the park and took a train home.

The next morning I read the papers trying to find something about a suicide in Ueno Park. Then I read the afternoon papers. But I didn't find anything. Maybe he didn't commit suicide. Or maybe he did. The death of yet another vagrant in Ueno Park would scarcely be considered news.

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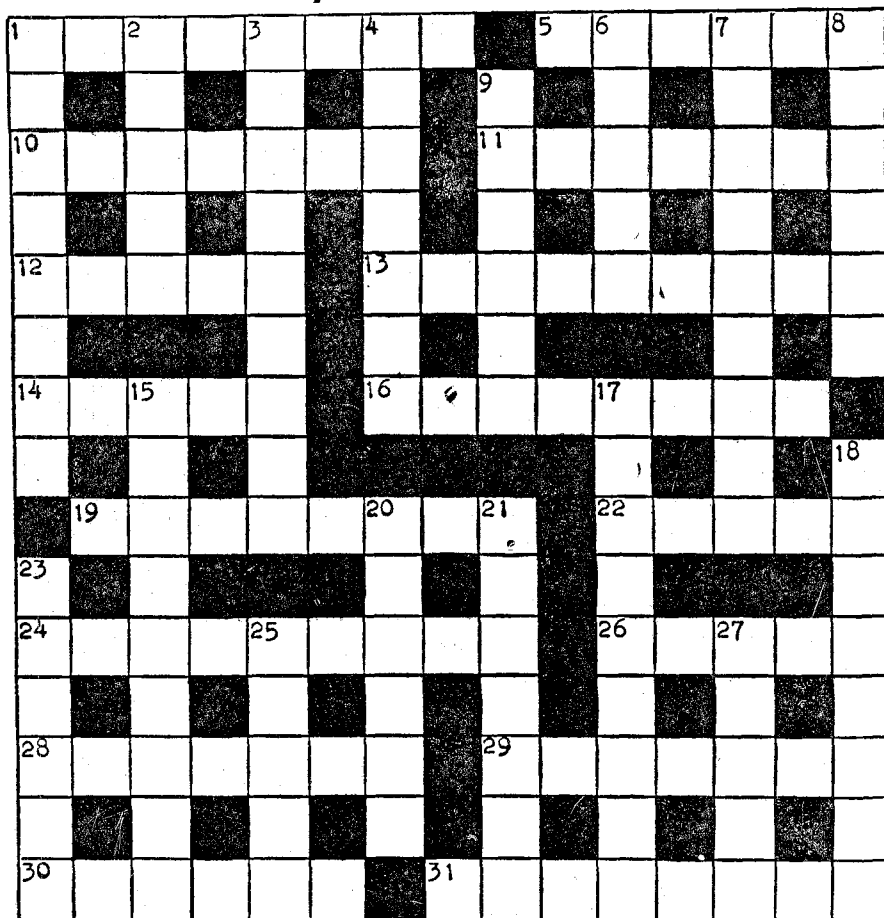
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Crossword Puzzle No. 783

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Stray pet from Bayeux, perhaps.
- 5 One of the things a poor student might take at Engineering School?
- 10 Adjutant to do physical injury to the first name on the list? (7)
- 11 He might want to know why 8 is empty-hearted. (7)
- 12 Town which is sort of dulled by overindulgence. (5)
- 13 Caste used to be like the unknown quantity. (9)
- 14 Might be a cow, but not the sort that does most of it. (5)
- 16 Carriages in one's path. (8)
- 19 Carriage in one's path. (8)
- 22 Place a false clue this way. (5)
- 24 Look back to 22, in a certain sense.
- 26 This sort of cap is necessarily set.
- 28 Parades make the fun last! (7)
- 29 Lean bow. (7)
- 30 and 27 down Which way does the answer? North — on canvas! (6, 5)
- 31 Crushed granite's not associated with Thanksgiving! (8)

DOWN:

- 1 I'm next to be up in the grave, and it's just the thing to put you there! (4, 4)
- 2 Certainly not complete characterizations. (5)
- 3 Not very high in the British army, but learns the hard way. (9)
- 4 The last one's supposed to be in the sky. (5-2)

- 6 Couldn't these instruments be flat just as well (but not so easily)? (5)
- 7 In general, a gift-giver takes a dozen pies. (5, 4)
- 8 See 23 down
- 9 The source of gum arabic. (6)
- 15 Where a gold-digger gets the jewelry is hardly topical. (3, 2, 4)
- 17 It's a blow to part of the octet the head of 7 conducted. (9)
- 18 Could the labels be puzzling? (8)
- 20 A pitcher for the Philadelphia players — and others. (6)
- 21 Yale's in trouble, but comparatively happy. (7)
- 23 and 8 A monopoly on the "dead man's chest"? (You might have a kick coming here!) (6, 6)
- 25 The course of Washington's survey? (5)
- 27 See 30 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 782

ACROSS: 1 Boasting; 10 Ashamed; 11 Accepts; 12 and 25 The Old Refrain; 14 Cast iron; 16 Euphony; 18 Odor; 20 Sitters; 22 Arms; 24 Tiers; 26 Quieted; 29 Singular; 30 Reefer; 32 Corncob; 33 Ruinate; 34 Modish; 35 Machines. DOWN: 1, 5 and 17 Beauty and the Beast; 2 Achieve; 3 Timeless; 4 Node; 6 Nicety; 7 Tapered; 8 Elsinore; 9 Macao; 13 Dutiful; 14 Chatter; 15 Shorter; 19 Capsicum; 21 Side dish; 23 Manfred; 26 Quacks; 27 lambs; 28 Orders; 31 Area.

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